

# Blog #1

Dated

To continue from the intro... despite currently being socially, psychologically, and a touch of physically tormented in Wisconsin's stupor max prison, I try my best to have fun. I'm not a masochist, nor am I ignorant of reality — just the opposite! The prison system wants me to be miserable, which is, usually, merely a state of mind, a miserable one.

What sense would it make for me to choose to be miserable, for any reason?

Don't get me wrong. For the last week I've felt miserable in the extreme. Headaches, nausea, feeling about to faint, jumpy — dealing with harsh realizations from my past and facing a bleak future. A book sent to me by the great people at [www.prisonbookprogram.org](http://www.prisonbookprogram.org) brought this on. Hopefully facing painful truths helps to ease the pain? Well, we must do so to improve our truths.

Some philosopher or famous person said that people are unhappy until they find someone who's more miserable than themselves. If so, although I assure you I will be absurdly happy within a few days, I also assure you, dear reader, that my blog will give you cause galore to cheer up!

Anyone with a truly horrible existence, please tell me aaall about it, so I can realize how good I've got it! Embellish!

I wrote a short poem that expresses my philosophy, "We Should Intend More Puns," accepted by Hummingbird. If ya wanna see it, cough up 5 bucks & send it to Phyllis Walsh, Editor, Hummingbird, Harbour Village, Apt. D103, 5600 Mockingbird Lane, Greendale, WI 53129, ph. (414) 421-2335. I regularly submit and am published in Hummingbird. It is one way I make myself happy, knowing that I can be appreciated, do nice things, not be what I used to believe I was doomed to be.

In this way, writing has been something that helped drastically change my life, which is ironic, because I once despised it as effeminate. Writing my thoughts makes it easier to examine their validity and where they'll take me.

Well, I just returned from outside rec. It was overcast out, but the moisture-thick cool air was scented with, I believe, lilacs — one of my favorite flowers and scents, rugged yet sweet. I watched a robin tweeting for a mate, watched two sparrows looking for just the right nook in our rec. kennels to build a nest, and saw a vulture or hawk surfing on thermals. I talked to no one out there — they were all set in their deathstyles, gangs, drugs, playing their homies for their own gain... the usual.

Check out this poem folks, + rest assured, more cheerful + insightful blogs are coming!

On one side glare inmates:  
Heartless, born or made.  
On the other side sneer calloused prisoncrats:  
People paid to break,  
Lacking family  
And intimates  
I'm easy prey.  
So they come in close and squeeze.  
Their wrath's magnified  
'Cause I've declined  
To be a pawn in either side's game.  
Both intend the same  
Others' degradation.  
Circling the periphery  
Is the fat almighty serpent  
Society,  
Ignoring its round.  
Surrounded by hate-filled goons  
At every degree  
I feel a fool  
For being  
Stuck in the middle with who?!  
created 5-11-11

Readers, I suspect that many prison blogs are dreary. My apologies for starting off on such a note. However, even this morbid poem has a message + shows I'm seeking solutions, can you see it?

Keep this in mind. My writing always contain multiple + intertwined messages, which you must dig deep to fully grasp. Next blog, I'll explain this poem.

Love + Respects  
Nate